And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or ſpangled ſtarlight ſheene,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knauiſh ſpirit,
Call'd *Robin good-fellow*. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſ-leade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Thoſe that hobgoblin call you, and ſweete Puck,
You do their worke, and they ſhall haue good lucke.
Are not you he? (the night,

*Rob.* Thou ſpeak'ſt aright; I am that merry wanderer of
I ieaſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile;
Neighing in likeneſſe of a ſilly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roſted crab,
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three foote ſtoole, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cryes, and fals into a coffe,
And then the whole Quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare,
A merrier houre was neuer waſted there.
But roome Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

*Fai.* And here my miſtreſſe: would that he were gone.

*Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.*

*Ob.* Ill met by moone-light, proud *Tytania*.

*Queen.*



*Queene.* What, iealo
I haue forſworne his be
*Ob.* Tarry raſh want
*Qu.* Then I muſt be
When thou haſt ſtollen
And in the ſhape of *Co*
Playing on pipes of co
To amorous *Phillida*.
Come from the farthe
But that forſooth the b
Your buskind miſtreſſ
To *Theſeus* muſt be we
To giue their bed ioy a
*Ob.* How canſt thou
Glance at my credite,
Knowing I know thy l
Didſt not thou leade h
From *Perigenia*, whom
And make him with fa
With *Ariadne*, and *An*
*Queen.* Theſe are the
And neuer ſince the mi
Met we on hill, in dale,
By paued fountaine, o
Or in the beached mar
To dance our ringlets
But with thy brawles
Therefore the windes,
As in reuenge, haue ſuc
Contagious fogs; wh
Hath euery pelting riu
That they haue ouer-b
The Oxe hath therefo
The ploughman loſt h
Hath rotted, ere his yo

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